

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

COMICS

JAN.
No. 6

...ONE THOUSAND
FEET ABOVE
SEA LEVEL THEY
FOUGHT---
SMASHING---
SLUGGING--TO
WIN OR DIE AT
THE END OF THE
BOTTOMLESS
RYME BELOW!!

10°

11 PAGES of a
NEW, COMPLETE
BLACKHAWK

in **THE VIAL
OF DEATH!**

also

THE BLUE TRACER.
LOOPS AND BANKS • SHOT
and SHELL • YANKEE
EAGLE and others!

WITH A NEW EDITION OF
Secret War News



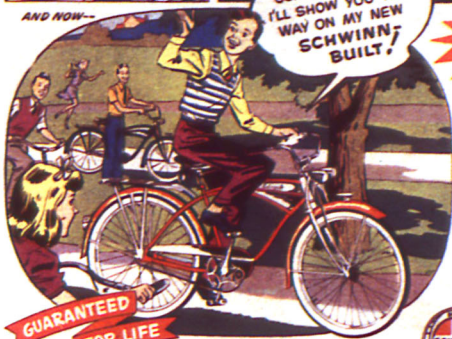


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THEY CALLED HIM "Stay-at-Home-Sammy" -- BUT NOW HE LEADS THE GANG!



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Schwinn-Built Bicycles

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ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND*Section I.*

IN THAT FROZEN WORLD
ABOVE THE CLOUDS, WHERE
THE MIGHTY ALPS REAR
SKYWARD, *Blackhawk*
BECOMES THE QUARRY AND
DEATH STALKS CLOSE BE-
HIND -- AND LOOMING OVER
THE CIVILIZED WORLD IS
THE BLACK SHADOW OF

**THE VIAL OF
DEATH!**Chas.
Cudera

AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS....

JUST ONE LITTLE BOMB ON LONDON, CARRYING DER KILLER GERM...
...AND DER STUPID ENGLISH WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! IT IS VONDERFUL!



...SUDDENLY A SHOT PLUNGES THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS...

VAT DER....
DER LIGHTS! WHO DID DAT?



SORRY TO BE SO IMPOLITE, MY FRIENDS, BUT WE'VE COME TO RELIEVE YOU OF THAT DIABOLICAL FORMULA! GIVE IT TO ME!

HIMMEL! WHO ISS DIS MADMAN!



FOOLS! YOU CANNOT GET AWAY VID DIS! FRITZ! DER FLASHLIGHT!

OH NO YOU DONT, FRITZY, OLD BOY!



AND THE BLACKNESS BECOMES A ROARING BEDLAM!

KILL DEM! DEY MUST NOT GET DER SECRET!

OUTSIDE, FATSO!

HEY, GENERAL! WHERE ARE YOU HIDING, GENERAL!



AH, HERE YOU ARE, GENERAL! GIVE ME THAT FORMULA!

SCHWEIN! YOU WILL NOT GET... OGGP!



THANK YOU SO MUCH, GENERAL! NOW THAT I HAVE THE FORMULA WE REALLY MUST BE GOING!



WHO WAS DAT?

QUICK! AFTER THEM!

OOOH, MINE HEAD!



DOSE BLACKHAWKS AGAIN!!
IS DERE NO WAY TO STOP
DEM?



HURRY-DEY
ARE GETTING
AWAY!

VAIT! LOOK
UP DERE!! OUR
PLANES VILL
GET DEM!!



WITHOUT WARNING, A
FLIGHT OF NAZI FIGHTERS
POUNCE UPON THE
UNPREPARED BLACKHAWKS.



AND Blackhawk IS HIT!!

I'M ON FIRE! AND NO
PARACHUTE!



THE FLAMING PLANE
SCREAMS DOWNWARD...



...AND CRASHES TO EARTH!

NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE!
THE GREAT Blackhawk
IS DEAD!



PAINFUL MINUTES LATER....

SO DER GREAT
Blackhawk
ISS FINALLY
DEAD!

LOOK!
DO YOU SEE
VOT I SEE!



CAZED, BUT UNHURT,
Blackhawk ESCAPES
IN A NAZI STAFF CAR
STANDING NEARBY...

COME! VE
FINISH HIM
VUNCE AND
FOR ALL!

NO, VAIT, I
HAFF A BETTER
IDEA... HE
HEADS FOR
MOUNT
HAFEL...



VE WILL PUT A
RING OF STEEL
AROUND DER
MOUNTAIN, AND
CATCH HIM VID
EASE!

VOT A
CHOKE,
PROFESSOR
HAMMEL
WHO DIS-
COVERED
DE GERMAN
LIVING UP
DERE! HA! HA!



HIGH ON MOUNT HEFFEL, Blackhawk IS FORCED TO ABANDON HIS CAR,....

SNOWS TOO DEEP... HAVE TO WALK! I WONDER WHERE THIS ROAD GOES?



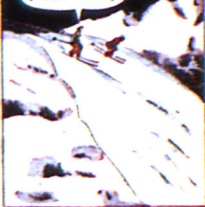
BUT SUDDENLY...

NOW WHAT--?



TWO DISTANT FIGURES SEE THE ACCIDENT, AND HURRY TO HIS AID....

HE'LL SUFFOCATE, PIERRE! WE MUST HELP HIM!



HE'S ALIVE, MISS ELSA... WE WERE JUST IN TIME!

WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE CHATEAU, HE NEEDS CARE!



BUT MISS ELSA... YOUR FATHER... HE WON'T LIKE IT!

I KNOW, PIERRE, BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE THE POOR FELLOW TO FREEZE!



AT THE CHATEAU Blackhawk SOON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!

WHAT... WHERE AM I?

THERE NOW... YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... JUST REST!



WHY... YOU'RE... YOU'RE ELSA HAMMEL... YOUR FATHER IS PROFESSOR HAMMEL!

Y... YES... BUT... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FATHER?



I KNOW THAT PROFESSOR HAMMEL IS THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE KILLER GERMS... THAT DIABOLICAL WEAPON THE NAZIS INTEND TO USE TO WIPE OUT THEIR ENEMIES!

AH, DID I HEAR MY NAME?



PROFESSOR HAMMEL!

YES... THAT'S IT! HAMMEL! ONE DAY IT WILL BE FAMOUS... WHEN MY GERM HAS DONE ITS WORK!





STOP PLEASE!
I'LL TELL HE'S
HE'S IN THE
ATTIC.....



SO! GET
HIM, YOU
MEN!

JUST TO KEEP
IN PRACTICE,
HERR HAMMEL!

NO!
N.....UGH!



FATHER! ARE
YOU HURTY
PLEASE
FATHER.....
WHY, HE'S
DEAD!

SO? IT
ISN'T OF NO
IMPORTANCE!
HE WAS NO
LONGER USEFUL
TO DER CAUSE!



YOU BEAST! YOU
UNSPEAKABLE...
I'LL KILL YOU
FOR THIS!



FRAULEIN!
PUT DOWN
DOWN DAT
LAMP!
DON'T THROW!

AAGHH... I'M
BURNING!
I CAN'T SEE....
I'M.....ARRGHH!



QUICKLY THE OLD CHATEAU
CATCHES FIRE... THE
FLAMES RACE UP THE
STAIRS....



HIMMEL! VE ARE TRAPPED!
BACK TO DE ATTIC....
HURRY!

AND IN THE ATTIC.....

NO YOU DON'T, CHUM!
THIS IS WHERE I GET
OFF..... ALONE!



AHA! JUST LIKE IN THE
MOVIES! HERE WE GO
MERRILY.... OOOPS!



WELL, WELL! THE NAZIS
HAVE AT LEAST ONE
SOFT SPOT!

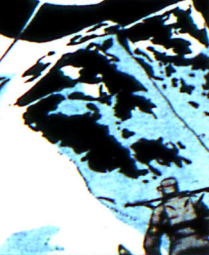


OOOOOFE!

BUT ELSA IS TRAPPED.....

IT'S A GOOD THING I'M
HERE TO CATCH HER!
SHE'S GOING TO HIT
PRETTY HARD!OOO! RIGHT
THE FIRST
TIME!

RACING AWAY THEY FIND.....

THIS WAY
Blackhawk!
THIS IS THE
FASTEST!NAZI PLANES! ZIG-ZAG,
ELSA!!Blackhawk... LOOK...
THERE.... BELOW
US!PATROLS! KEEP YOUR
NERVE, ELSA! WE'LL
TRY TO CUT BETWEEN
THEM!AS THEY PLUMMET DOWN
THE SLOPE, ELSA LOOKS
BACK AND FREEZES
IN TERROR.....

WITH A THUNDERING ROAR, THE WHOLE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN STARTS TO SLIDE.... AN AVALANCHE....



THE BULLETS! THEY MUST HAVE STARTED IT!

WE'LL... NEVER.... MAKE IT!



DON'T GIVE UP, ELSA! WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



HIMMEL! WE ARE DONE FOR!

RUN! RUN! IT IS ALMOST HERE!



LIKE A HUGE WAVE, THE SNOW SEEMS TO PAUSE FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN....

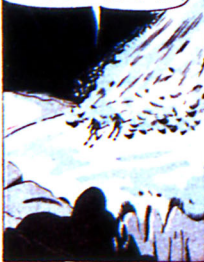


AAAGHH!

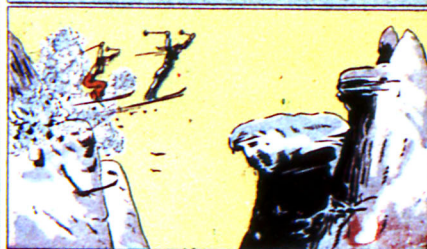
OOOOHH!



ELSA! THAT CREVASSE! IF WE CAN JUMP IT!



LIKE TWO HUGE BIRDS, THE FUGITIVES STREAK INTO THE AIR, AS TONS OF SNOW AND ICE ROAR DOWN INTO THE CREVASSE BEHIND THEM!



WE MADE IT!
WE'RE SAFE!



NOT YET,
ELSA!
THAT PLANE
AGAIN!



DUCK DOWN,
ELSA!

I...I...I'M
SHOT! I
CAN'T GO...
OOOHH!



A ZOOMING WING-OVER
AND THE PLANE ATTACKS
AGAIN....



IF I COULD GET TO THOSE
TREES.... BUT HE'S
TOO CLOSE!



THE NAZI PILOT, FINGERS
HIS TRIGGER.....
BUT SUDDENLY.....



NOW DEY DIE.... OOOHH!!

AND SCREAMING OUT OF
THE BLUE, COME THE
BLACKHAWKS!

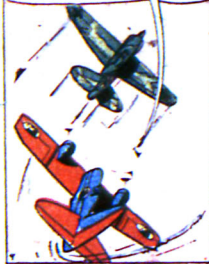


HIGH ABOVE, OLAF SPOTS
Blackhawk CARRYING ELSA!

Blackhawk! HE LIVES!
OLAF WILL BORROW A
PLANE FOR HIM! HA!
DERE ISS A NICE VON!



HE YILL LAND HIS PLANE
OR I DO IT FOR HIM!



SO, TRY TO ESCAPE OLAF, VILL YOU? I TRAP YOU LIKE A RAT!



HA! HA! NOW, STUPID ONE! LAND OR HIT THE CLIFF!



THE NAZI CHOOSES THE EASIER COURSE.... AND LANDS!



MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND.....

Blackhawk...
I AM... GOING...
YOU MUST...
ESCAPE.



DON'T SAY THAT, ELSA! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

PLEASE.... GO! AND NEVER.... STOP.... FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM! YOU... MUST GO.... OOOH....



AS PIERRE CARRIES ELSA'S LIFELESS BODY INTO THE HILLS, A GREAT FURY SCORCHES ITSELF INTO BLACKHAWK'S BRAIN!



BURNING WITH ANGER, BLACKHAWK RACES FOR THE NAZI PLANE....



OVERPOWERING THE GERMAN PILOT, **Blackhawk** ROCKETTS OFF IN THE "BORROWED" PLANE, AS TWO NAZIS SCREAM DOWN UPON HIM!



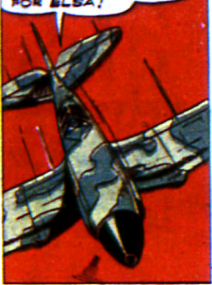
DEFTLY HE FLIPS HIS PLANE
SIDWAYS....



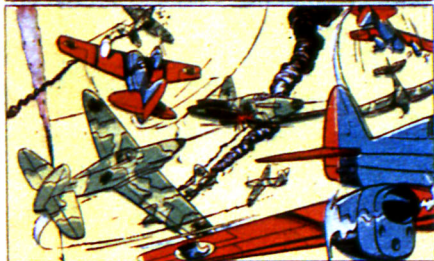
AND KNIFES INTO A CLEFT
WITH INCHES TO SPARE! BUT
THE NAZI ARE NOT
SO LUCKY....



AND NOW TO PAY OFF
FOR ELSA!



THEIR LEADER SAFELY AMONG THEM, THE BLACKHAWKS
TURN THEIR FULL ATTENTION TO THE NAZI PLANES....



AND SOON ARE SOLE
MASTERS OF THE SKY...



BUT AS *Blackhawk*
LANDS AT HIS SECRET
ISLAND...

NAZI PLANE LAND!
HIM GOT SOME NERVE!
CHOP-CHOP
MURDERIZE 'M!
MAKE 'M SMALL
PIECES!



ME FLIX ★ ★ ★ ★
S'LOON...OF...A...
GUN! LUB'M OUT
...ME SPLASH
'M ALL OVER...
F!LLO HOLDEE
STILL
MACHINE
GLUN!!



GEN'L
SHLERMAN RIGHT!



THE

BLUE TRACER

AN UNARMED LOCKHEED P-38 INTERCEPTOR PLANE HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, STARTING ON ITS JUMP FROM ICELAND TO DELIVERY IN ENGLAND IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A DARING NAZI LONG RANGE TRANSPORT SHIP, A JUNKERS 52.

GOOSH! THEY
MUST BE INVADING
ICELAND! I'M NOT
EQUIPPED TO FIGHT
THEM—I'D BETTER
TURN BACK!

BY FRED
GUARDINEER

BUT EVEN AS
THE PLANE TURNS
ABOUT, A STREAM
OF BULLETS
CRASHES INTO
THE PILOT!

AAAGH!

UNABLE TO MANEUVER HIS CONTROLS, THE
DYING AMERICAN PILOT AND HIS LOCKHEED
FALL DOWN INTO THE CLOUDS!

IN A REMOTE SECTION OF ICE-
LAND BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG
JONES ARE CAMPED BY THEIR
GREAT FIGHTING MACHINE,
THE BLUE TRACER!

JEEPERS! SOUNDS LIKE
SHOOTIN' GOING ON ABOVE
THEM CLOUDS!

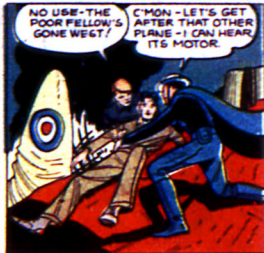
SUDDENLY BURSTING OUT OF THE LOW CEILING CLOUDS, THE AMERICAN PLANE DIVES TO ITS DOOM...



AND CRASHES TO BITS ON A VOLCANIC ROCK FORMATION!



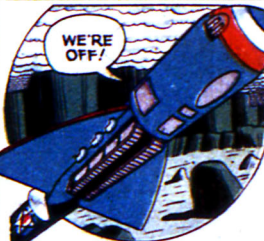
BILL AND BOOMERANG EXAMINE THE PILOT WHO DIES IN THEIR ARMS.



QUICKLY THE TWO MEN GET THEIR MACHINE ROLLING FOR A FAST TAKE-OFF.



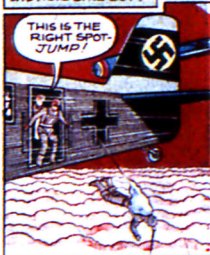
AS THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS UPWARD, ITS RETRACTABLE LANDING WHEELS ARE FOLDED IN.



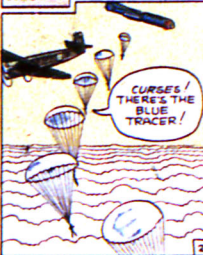
ABOVE THE CLOUDS BILL SOON SPIES THE TRANSPORT PLANE.



AS THE BLUE TRACER NEARS, THE JUNKERS, ARMED PARACHUTISTS BAIL OUT!



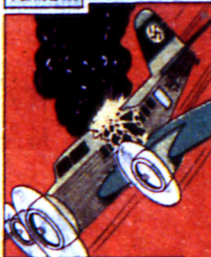
ON THEIR MYSTERIOUS MISSION THE SOLDIERS DROP INTO THE CLOUDS!



AIMING HIS MACHINE AT THE ENEMY, BILL FIRES A BURST FROM THE QUICK-FIRE CANNON.



THE HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS SHATTER THE SLOWER MOVING PLANE---



AND IT ALSO CRASHES ON THE BARREN ICELANDIC WASTES!



INSIDE THE BLUE TRACER

WE BETTER ACT FAST AND LOCATE THOSE PARACHUTE TROOPS. THEY ARE NO DOUBT A DESPERATE SUICIDE SQUAD OF FANATICS, PREPARED TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!



MEANWHILE THE UNDISCOVERED PARACHUTE TROOPERS MOVE QUICKLY AND CAPTURE A REMOTE MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT COVERING THE ROAD TO REYKJAVIK!



EVERYTHING HAS GONE FINE. IN A FEW MINUTES THEIR COMMANDER WILL COME ON HIS INSPECTION TOUR. OUR JOB IS TO KILL HIM AND HIS AIDES. IT IS TOO LATE FOR THE BLUE TRACER TO WARN HIM!



FLYING LOW THE BLUE TRACER TRIES TO FIND THE ELUSIVE NAZIS.



I'LL RADIO THE CAPITAL ABOUT THESE PARACHUTISTS!

AT HEADQUARTERS, EXCITEMENT REIGNS AS BILL'S ALARM IS HEARD.



HEY! A SUICIDE SQUAD OF NAZIS BY SKOL HILL ROAD MUST BE AFTER SIR NEWTON--AND HIS AUTO HAS NO RADIO!... SEND THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THEIR SCOUT CARS TO THE RESCUE!

BUT SPEEDING OVER THE LAMELY ROAD THE COMMANDANTS CAR NEARS THE MACHINE GUN NEST.



I SAY, SIR--THERE'S THE BLUE TRACER. WHAT ARE THESE DAREDEVILS DOING ON THIS DULL AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE!

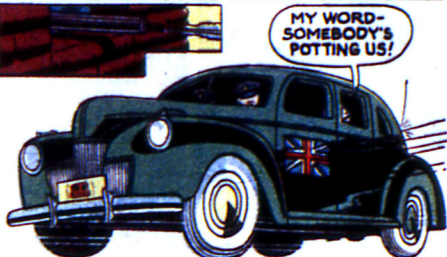
FROM BEHIND THE SAND-BAG BUNKER THE NAZIS SEE THE APPROACHING CAR.



THE MOUTH OF THE MACHINE GUN SPEWS A HAIL OF DEATH..



WHICH SMACKS INTO THE SLEEK PLEASURE CAR.



BUT THE ALERT BLUE TRACER DIVES...



AND LANDS BETWEEN THE CAR AND THE STORM OF BULLETS.



IMMEDIATELY BOOM-ERRING BEGINS FIRING HIS .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN!



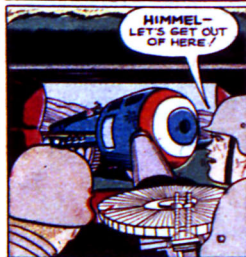
...AND PARACHUTISTS SOON FEEL THE STING OF THE BLAZING GUN.



WHILE IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR LIVES, THE OFFICERS LEAVE THEIR RIDDED CAR FOR THE SAFETY OF THE BULLET-PROOF BLUE TRACER!



RUMBLING FORWARD THE BLUE TRACER ADVANCES ON THE NEST.



UNABLE TO STOP THE DASHING WAR ENGINE THE NAZIS TAKE TO THE ROCKS IN THE REAR.



I GOT 'EM ALL EXCEPT THE LEADER!



BOOMERING JUMPS OUT TO PURSUE THE FLEEING SOLDIER.



THE CHASE CONTINUES OVER THE JAGGED CLIFFS...



AND DOWN ONTO THE PLAIN ON THE OTHER SIDE.



PULLING THE RING THE NAZI HURLS HIS GRENADE AT HIS WOULD-BE CAPTOR!



IN THE NICK OF TIME BOOMERING FLOPS DOWN BEHIND A ROCK!



NOW IT'S MY TURN!



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE THE STURDY AUSTRALIAN THROWS HIS BOOMERING!



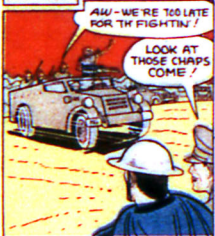
TRUE TO ITS AIM THE WEIRD WEAPON WHACKS THE PARACHUTIST'S UNPROTECTED HEAD!



AS BOOMERING JONES LIFTS UP HIS PRISONER THE AMERICAN PATROL COMES OVER THE HILL!



RIDING AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN BOOMERANG SOON JOINS HIS COMRADE AND THE RESCUED OFFICER!



MODERN WAR WEAPONS



ALTHOUGH THE BLUE TRACER'S .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS ARE USED FOR ALL-AROUND SHOOTING, THIS HEAVY TYPE OF MACHINE GUN HAS BECOME THE UNITED STATES ARMY'S DEADLIEST WEAPON AGAINST LOW ALTITUDE ATTACK PLANES. IT IS REPLACING ALL THE .30 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS NOW IN USE.

THE BLUE TRACER'S .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN AS USED BY BOOMERING JONES.



QUICKLY PACKING THEIR BELONGINGS, LOOPS AND BANKS TAKE OFF.... AFTER BRIEF STOPOVERS IN SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK, THEY LAND IN ICELAND SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



TWO HOURS LATER, THEY REPORT...



FOR TWO WEEKS THEY SPLIT THE LONG RATIGUE DUTY BETWEEN THEM, BORED STARE WITH THE MAGNITUDE



DON'T THEY EVER GET BICK OF JUMPING OUT OF PLANES?



LOOKS/LOOK! ONE OF THE MEN'S CAUGHT HIS CHUTE! COME ON!

WHO'S GONNA PLOT YOU OR ARE YOU KIDDING! WITH YOU IN THE COCKPIT THERE'D NEVER BE ROOM FOR THE TROOPER! YOU PILOT!



ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT AND I'LL

AW DRY, HEY/WHO TOOK THAT PLANE-? THERE'S HARDLY ANY GAS IN IT!



RACING TO THE BOMBING PLANE TO HOLD A STEADY COURSE, LOOPS CAREFULLY RISES BENEATH IT...



HOLDING HIS SPEED LEVEL WITH THAT OF THE BOMBER, LOOPS EDGES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE CHUTIST...



RACING HIMSELF, BANKS GRABS THE TROOPER AND TUGS AT THE SHROUDS...



TAKING A DESPERATE CHANCE LOOPS LIFTS THE MOTOR OF THE PLANE AND JUST MANAGES TO GLASH THE LINES CLEAR WITH HIS PROPELLER!



THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD FOR A BUM PLOT LIKE YOU! I COULD...HEY! WHAT SA MATTER WITH THE MOTOR?



DROPPING RAPIDLY, LOOPS EXPERTLY FIGHTS THE SHIP TOWARD A SMALL CLEARING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS...



NARROWLY MISSING A HUGE ROCK, HE FINALLY LANDS... AND TOGETHER, THEY CARRY THE HURT SOLDIER TO A MORE COMFORTABLE SPOT...



LISTEN TO ME! I-I'M NOT AN AMERICAN LIKE YOU THINK! I-I'M A FOREIGN GUY!... NOW THAT THE END IS NEAR, I'M NOT AFRAID TO TALK... LISTEN... MY COUNTRY IS GOING TO ATTACK ICELAND!



T-TOMORROW MORNING... THOUSANDS OF THEM... GOING TO WIFE YOU OUT AND BLAME ANOTHER WARRING POWER... YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! GET OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! HA, HA, HA, THEY CAN'T HURT ME NOW... CAN'T... OOOH



LEAVING THE BODY OF THE DEAD SPY BEHIND, LOOPS AND BANKS RUSH TO THE FIELD AND BURST OUT THEIR ASTONISHING DISCOVERY!



I'LL WIRE FOR REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE--MEANWHILE MUSTER EVERY MAN ON THE ISLAND! IT LOOKS BAD BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!



TEN SECONDS LATER, THE BUGLER BLARES ASSEMBLY!



WITH SWIFT AMERICAN PRECISION, THE MARINES SPEED TO THEIR POSTS---ANTI-AIRCRAFT CREWS TEND TO THEIR DEATH-DEALING WEAPONS---



LIGHT AND MEDIUM TANKS ROAR INTO POSITION, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FEW HANDFULS OF INFANTRY...



AT THE FLYING FIELD, THE SMALL AIR FORCE IS READY AND WAITING FOR THE ENEMY...



LET 'EM COME! WE'RE ALL READY FOR 'EM! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!



...AND THIRTY PAIRS OF EYES LOOK UP AT THE SKY---WATCHING---WAITING FOR THE MYSTERIOUS FOO---WATCHING---WAITING---



SUDDENLY A TINY DRONE FILLS THE AIR--AND ANOTHER--AND THEN ANOTHER--UNTIL THEIR ROAR SHATTERS THE PEACEFULNESS OF THE CLOUDS--AND OVER THE MOUNTAINS COME HUNDREDS OF PLANES----



IN TEN SECONDS, EVERY AMERICAN PLANE IS OFF THE GROUND AND ZOOMING INTO THE AIR----



RISING QUICKLY THE SMALL, GALLANT FORCE HURLS ITSELF AT THE ATTACKER, READY TO DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY----



ON THE GROUND, AMERICAN GUNNERS POUR A DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD INTO THE DESCENDING PARATROOPS ----



COVERED BY THE MACHINE GUNS, GROUND TROOPS RUSH FORWARD IN A CHARGE, BAYONETS GLEAMING ----



IN THE AIR, LOOPS LEADS HIS COMMAND IN A VICIOUS ATTACK AGAINST THE INVADING PLANES ----



SOME FUN--WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED FIVE TO ONE! JUMPIN' JEES!! LOOPS IS IN TROUBLE!



WHIPPING AROUND BANKS HURLS HIS PLANE AT THE ENEMY, AND BLASTS AWAY WITH HIS CANNON, SCORING A BULL'S-EYE----



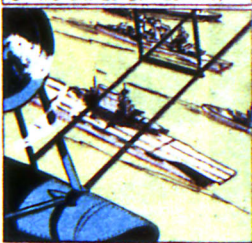
HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, THE AMERICANS SUFFER A HEAVY TOLL, BUT STILL THEY FIGHT ON—DIVING, TWISTING, BATTLING AGAINST THE EVER INCREASING FLIGHTS THAT POUR OVER THE HORIZON...



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE COUNTLESS LEGIONS THAT SURGE FORWARD, THE AMERICANS ARE PUSHED BACK MORE AND MORE, UNTIL THEY CAN GO NO FARTHER...

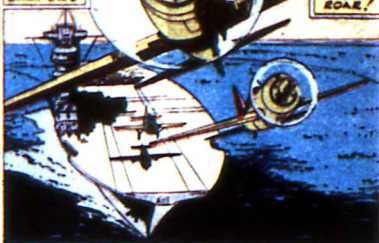


THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME A NEW SOUND RENTS THE AIR, AND FROM THE SEA COME THE BATTLESHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY...



FROM THE VAST DECKS OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

SOON AMERICA'S CRACK FIGHTERS FILL THE AIR WITH THEIR ROAR!



WHILE FROM THE SHIPS SPEED THOUSANDS OF LANDING TROOPS, WHO RUSH UP THE BEACH AND CLOSE IN...



HUGE BOMBERS 'PEEL' OFF AND BLAST AWAY AT THE CONCENTRATED GROUPS OF ENEMY PARACHUTISTS...



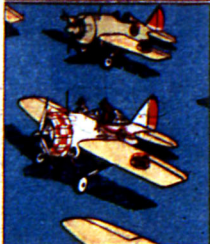
THE BATTLE IS QUICKLY TURNED INTO A ROUT, AND THE ENEMY SPEEDS AWAY IN TERROR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LAST OF THE INVADERS ARE SURROUNDED AND THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS!



TIREDBUT VICTORIOUS, THE REMAINDER OF LOOPS' SQUADRON LANDS IN PERFECT FORMATION!



DO YOU SEE W-WHY, NO LIEUTENANT SIR!!...HE BARROWS, HASN'T CORPORAL COME IN, SIR!



THE LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THESE ENEMY PLANES, CAPN...I'M AFRAID...GOREY, OLD FELLOW...WE ALL FEEL AS BADLY AS YOU DO--



HEY! LOOK! ISN'T THAT BANKS' PLANE?



GURE!! THAT'S IT!

AS THE PILOTS GAZE ANXIOUSLY AT THE PLANE, IT SUDDENLY DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THEM...



WHY YOU...!! I'M GOING TO KNOCK THAT BILLY BLOCK OF YOURS RIGHT OFF!

HA! HA, HA! NO, NO!

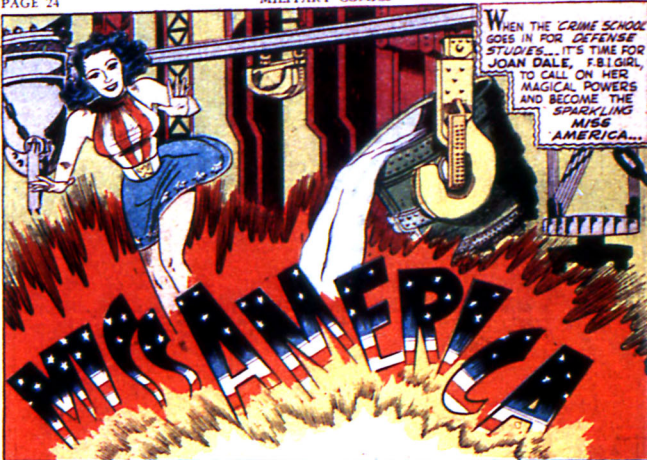


HA, HA! VERY FUNNY, YOU, YOU BIG OX! WHERE WERE YOU? HAW, HAW, HAW, WHAT'S IT TO YOU, FATTY? I'M BACK! AW! C'MON, AREN'T I? FELLAS-- DON'T FIGHT!



OH, YEAH!! WHO ASKED YOU? YOU KEEP OUTA THIS!!





WHEN THE 'CRIME SCHOOL' GOES IN FOR DEFENSE STUDIES... IT'S TIME FOR JOAN DALE, F.B.I. GIRL, TO CALL ON HER MAGICAL POWERS AND BECOME THE SPARKLING MISS AMERICA...

The Witternmont... A POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE BLASTS THROUGH THE NIGHT!



A YOUNGSTER MAKES A DESPERATE DASH... BUT... AS HE ROUNDS THE CORNER!



WATCH OUT! MY NEW DRESS!

ONE WAY, LADY PLEASE!

HALT! HALT!... OR I'LL SHOOT!!



DON'T... OFFICER! HE'S ONLY A BOY!!

I'M JOAN DALE OF THE F.B.I... NOW YE'RE ASKIN... LISTEN FBI LADY... THERE'RE SO MANY KID CROOKS AROUND OF LATE, YOU'D THINK THEY WENT TO A CRIME SCHOOL!!



Next Morning...AT F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS...JOAN DALE SPEAKS TO HER BOSS, TIM HEALY...

I TELL YOU.. SOMEBODY'S MAKING CROOKS OUT OF THESE KIDS!

EASY.. JOAN... THAT'S NOT OUR DEPART. MENT.. WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT FOR A WALK.. AND... COOL OFF!

JOAN BOUNCES OUT...

ALL HE EVER CARES ABOUT IS WHAT'S HIS DEPARTMENT AND WHAT ISN'T!... THE "KNOW IT ALL"

AS SHE PASSES A PLAY-GROUND...

LOOK.. THE KID WHO BUMPED INTO ME LAST NIGHT... I THINK MY INVESTIGATION HAS JUST BEGUN!

AW.. QUIT YER SWITCHED SQUAWK IN... I WAS JUST PRACTICIN'!

SHE SEES THE BOYS SHIFTY HAND REACH OUT...

Y'RE ALWAYS PRACTICIN'.. DON'T YA EVER DO NUTTIN' ELSE!?

SURE! OLD HANK SAYS NOW WE'RE GONNA LEARN BIG STUFF!!

THAT MOMENT... THERE IS A FLASH..... JOAN DALE BECOMES MISS AMERICA.

HER FINGERS SHOOT STREAMS OF MAGIC AND A PICKED POCKET BECOMES A CLAMPING MOUSE TRAP!

OVER!!
I'M STUCK!!

BE STUCK IN YOUR TRACKS.. LET YOUR FEET BE GLUED TO THE GROUND!..

Freed AT LAST... THE BOYS TURN TO MISS AMERICA...

CHEE!! DOSE TRICKS ARE BETTER THAN HANK'S!!

...AND WHO'S HANK?

... HE SHOWS US HOW TO STEAL SO WE'LL NEVER BE TEMPTED.. Y-SEE WE BELONG TO THE ANTI-CRIME CLUB!!

ANTI-CRIME!!
I'D LIKE TO MEET HANK!.... RIGHT NOW!

BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES MISS AMERICA BECOMES JOAN DALE AND JOINING THE BOYS IN THEIR CLUBHOUSE!

ER. I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU...MR HANK!

JES! CALL ME HANK!..HOW D'YE LIKE DIS JOINT?



...AS JOAN SEES THIS STRANGE CLUB WHICH TEACHES CRIME METHODS TO "DISCOURAGE" THEVERY!...

LOOK! HANK... I LOINED HOW!.. ALL DA STUFF MISS JOAN HAD IN HER BAG!

...ER. YOU GIVE IT BACK! RIGHT NOW!

WIDE



PLAYFUL YOUNG-STER... TO MAKE AMENDS I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU COME WITH US TO THE ACE STEEL PLANT!

I'D LOVE TO I'M SURE THEY COULDN'T PICK POCKETS THERE!



PSSST. FELLAS.. DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YAI.. GOT TO SHOW THEM HOW TO PROTECT THEMSELVES... PICK UP LOOSE NUTS AND BOLTS... THAT'LL TEACH'EM TO BE CAREFUL... SEE... HANK'S THE HOBB!



HELLO! FRITZ!... YEAH. BE AT THE MILL... YEAH. LISTEN.. I GOT A SUSPICIOUS DAME WIT MEI.. HAVE DA BOYS KNOCK HER OFF!



Returning... HANK LEADS JOAN AND THE BOYS TO THE ACE STEEL MILL... THROUGH WHICH THEY ARE TO GO ON A GUIDED TOUR...

YES! THE BIGGEST MILL IN THE COUNTRY!

WOWIE!!



When in the mill they see machines carry molten steel.

SWIPE DIS BOLT!.. LOOKS LIKE DERE'S A LEVER... I'LL TON IT!..

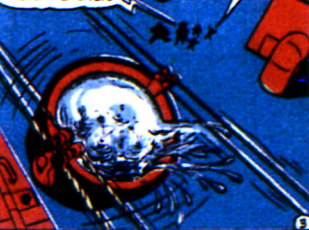
...AND RIGHT ABOVE IS LIQUID STEEL!.. ... IN THAT LADLE!..



SUDDENLY!..

WATCH OUT!.. THE LADLE'S TURNING OVER

WE'LL BE BURNED!



That Moment... AS THE BOILING STEEL BUBBLES IN THE SWAYING LADE... NAZIS MOUNT A NARROW CATWALK!

HANK.. RUN TO THE DOOR..
VE VILL CUT OFF DESE AMERICANS!.

...A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT AND JOAN DALE BE-
COMES MISS AMERICA...
SHE MOTIONS...

...AND THE MOLTEN METAL
STREAMS TOWARD THE NAZIS!

HEL-L.P!!

THE STEEL RINGS THE NAZIS/.

FIERY BANDS BECOME A
PRISON OF WHITE- HOT METAL.

D'D'S CAN'T
BE!!

ME... I'M
CONVINCED!!

HANK PULLS A LEVER... SHOOT
A STEEL BALL AT MISS
AMERICA!..

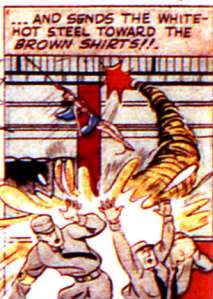
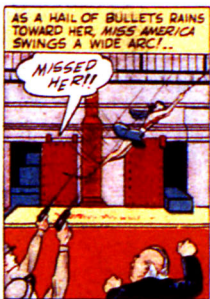
EULP!!

SEIZING A SWINGING STEEL CHAIN..

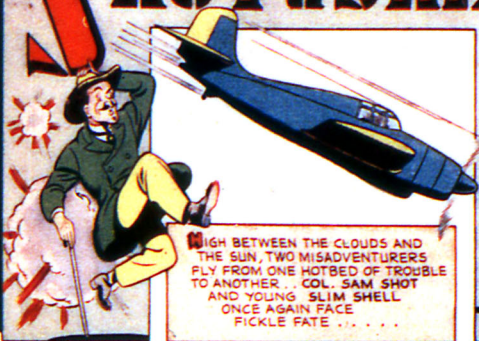
SWING
IT
BROTHER!!

... SHE TURNS THE STEEL WEIGHT INTO A
RUBBER BALL!..

BOUNCE
IT
BROTHER!!



HOT & SHELL



HIGH BETWEEN THE CLOUDS AND THE SUN, TWO MISADVENTURERS FLY FROM ONE HOTBED OF TROUBLE TO ANOTHER... COL. SAM SHOT AND YOUNG SLIM SHELL ONCE AGAIN FACE FICKLE FATE

GOLLY, COLONEL, WE BEEN OVER THESE CLOUDS SO LONG, I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE AT.

ACCORDING TO THE BEST OF MY CALCULATIONS, MY YOUNG STALWART, WE SHOULD BE IN SCOTLAND. . .



I SAY, MY GOOD MEN, COULD YOU INFORM ME WHERE WE ARE?

WOS? YOU DO NOT KNOW? ACH, DU LIEBER!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE HUDDLE?

DID YOU NOTE THE TEUTONIC ACCENT? DO YOU SUPPOSE ALL THE NAZIS ARE RUNNING OFF TO SCOTLAND?





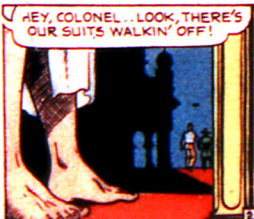
THE TWO AMERICANS COME TO . . . UNDER STARTLING CIRCUMSTANCES.



SOON THEY ENTER A TOWN . . .



SUDDENLY A NATIVE YELLS: "SPIES! IMPOSTERS!"



THEY SNUCK UP THIS
STAIRWAY...

JA, VE CHANGED
OUR OUDFITS
TO DIVERT
SUSPICION
FROM U.S.

GOOT.. DER
TOURIST
UNIFORMS
ISS GETTING
TOO VELL
KNOWN.

I HIRE DIS HOTEL
ROOM TO SECRETE
DER VALUABLE
GESTAPO RECORDS..
REVEAL IT TO NO VUN!

I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU
PILFERING BEGGARS UP
TO, BY THUNDER!?

YOU, SIR!! I CHALLENGE
YOU, YOU THIEF! MY
CARD-- ER-- AWF--

YOU'LL FIND ONE IN
THE UPPER RIGHT
HAND POCKET!

AND NOW I SHALL THRASH
YOU!!
EN GARDE!

SHTEP
ON
DOT
INZECT, BOYS!

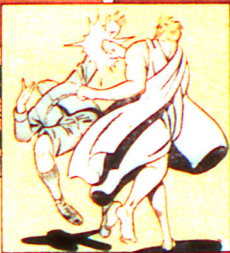
DON'T CROWD US, BOYS.. WE'LL GET
AROUND TO
ALL OF YA!

ACH! ECHTES GOLD!!

BOY, THIS MAKES IT EASY... WE CAN PICK 'EM OFF AT OUR LEISURE...



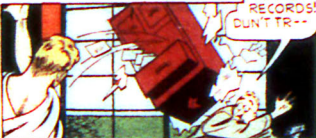
POX TAKE IT! ALL THIS TAWDRY MESS OVER A FEW SHABBY GARMENTS!!



DER CHIG ISS UP, CHENTLE-MEN!



DUN'T T'ROW DOT! OUR SECRET RECORDS! DUN'T TR--



AI, AI, AI! ALL OUR VALUABLE FILES GONE! BOO HOO HOO... HIMMEL, VOT GIFFS NOW?



THE RUMPLUS DRAWS THE NATIVE POLICE TO THE SCENE...



THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE US A GREAT FAVOR IN UNCOVERING THIS SPY RING... WE MUST THANK THEM.

ONE MOMENT, GENTLE-MEN



OH, NO... WE DON'T FALL FOR THAT PALSY-WALSY SYRUP AGAIN!

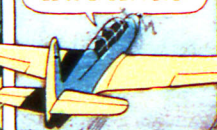


A PAIR OF VERY ODD FELLOWS, TO BE SURE...



SLIM AND THE COLONEL REACH THE SAFETY OF THEIR PLANE IN RECORD TIME...

A STRANGE, QUIXOTIC HABITAT THAT... WHAT THE DEUCE WERE THEY ALL SO UPSET ABOUT?



I DUNNO... BUT YA KNOW ONE ONE THING?... I GOT A FEELING THAT WASN'T SCOTLAND..

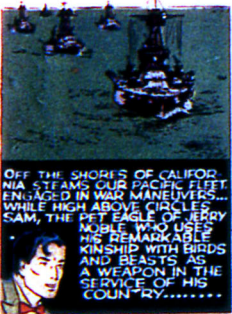


IN ABOUT THIRTY DAYS, SHOT & SHELL SHOULD FIND THEIR BEARINGS AGAIN.. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS

NAVY

YANKEE EAGLE

BY JOHN STEWART



OFF THE SHORES OF CALIFORNIA STEAMS OUR PACIFIC FLEET ENGAGED IN WAR MANEUVERS... WHILE HIGH ABOVE CIRCLES... SAM, THE PET EAGLE OF JERRY MOBLE WHO USES HIS REMARKABLE KINSHIP WITH BIRDS AND BEASTS AS A WEAPON IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.....

SUDDENLY TWO TREMENDOUS EXPLOSIONS ROCK THE ENTIRE FLEET....



OUR PEOPLE ARE FOOLS! THEY WANT PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP! OUR MILITARY LEADERS ARE RIGHT! WE SHOULD HAVE WAR!



TAM! A DESTROYER HAS SEEN US!

AND HIDDEN IN A NEARBY FOG BANK....



HAI! SUCCESS! THIS WILL SURELY BRING JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES INTO CONFLICT WHEN THEY LEARN THE CAUSE!

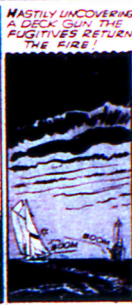


SEE? THAT EAGLE LED THEM HERE! IT IS AN EVIL OWEN!

QUICKLY, MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



BOOM



HASTILY UNCOVERING OF THE DECK GUN THE FUGITIVES RETURN THE FIRE!



THE SUPERIOR GUNS OF THE DESTROYER SOON MAKE THEMSELVES FELT!

BOOM



THE NEXT DAY, TWO OF THE MASTER'S AGENTS SNEAK ONTO JERRY NOBLE'S RANCH, ARMED WITH HEAVY NETS AND LOOKING FOR SAM, THE EAGLE!

THE MASTER'S PLAN IS CLEVER! WE WILL BAIT OUR TRAP FOR NOBLE, WITH HIS EAGLE! THEN THEY BOTH SHALL DIE!



EVEN SO! FOR NOBLE HAS BEEN SEEN PROWLING ABOUT OUR RESTAURANT HEADQUARTERS AND THE EAGLE CAUSED THE DEATH OF OUR BROTHERS YESTERDAY!



BUCK SMILES ON THE LITTLE YELLOW MEN, AKI AND MATSIKA, EARLY THE VERY NEXT MORNING...



THE GREAT WHITE EAGLE'S MATE! LOOK OUT, MATSIKA!



THE MATE OF SAM, JERRY'S PET EAGLE, MAKES MATSIKA LOSE HIS BALANCE.....



THE GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE'S MATE RETURNS TO ATTACK AKI... BUT THE WILY ORIENTAL TANGLES HER IN A SPARE NET...



EAR BELOW, THE WILD PIERCING CLAMOR OF THE BATTLE SHRIILS THROUGH THE WOODED SLOPES... A PUMA PET OF JERRY NOBLE'S SLINKS THROUGH THE TANGLED BRUSH TO THE SCENE... FINDS THE BATTERED BODY OF THE LITTLE YELLOW MAN.....



... AND LOPES AWAY TO FIND HIS FRIEND AND WARN HIM OF TROUBLE

SOME TIME LATER...

WHAT'S EATING YOU? YOU ACT AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST... OH! YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU...



AFTER SOME HOURS TRUDGING BEHIND HIS TAME PUMA, JERRY COMES UPON THE BODY OF MATSIAKA.

WHAT A MESS!...IT'S ONE OF THE FELLOWS I WAS TRAILING FROM THE RESTAURANT!



YOU'D THINK SAM, THE EAGLE, WOULD'VE... BY GOSH! I KNOW WHY THEY CAME UP HERE... AFTER SAM HIMSELF... AND THEY MUST'VE GOT HIM OR HE'D BE HERE NOW!!



JERRY NOBLE HUSTLES BACK DOWN TO HIS RANCH HOUSE AS FAST AS HE CAN...

I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET THOSE TWO GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! NOW THAT GUYS GOT A COUPLE HOURS' START ON ME WITH SAM!...



IN THE MEANTIME, IN THE RESTAURANT WHERE JERRY FIRST PICKED UP AKI'S TRAIL...

HERE IS EAGLE YOU ASKED FOR, MASTER. MATSIAKA FELL FROM CLIFF AND DIE!

GOOD!... NOW THIS NOBLE SPY WILL WALK RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP... THE EAGLE WILL BE THE BEST BAIT!



THUS THE STAGE IS SET WHEN JERRY NOBLE ARRIVES....



BUT JERRY NOBLE ISN'T "OUT" AS COLD AS THEY THINK. ON THE WAY TO THE "LITTLE ROOM"...



DOWN BELOW THE RESTAURANT IN THE LITTLE "ROOM"...

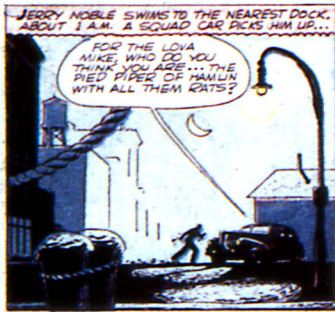


WHEN THE LITTLE YELLOW MEN LEAVE THE CAGE FULL OF RATS AND LOCK THE ROOM DOOR...





BY MIDNIGHT THE RATS HAVE GNAWED JERRY LOOSE...



ONCE THE HANDCUFFS ARE SAWED OFF, JERRY NOBLE RETURNS AT ONCE TO THE RESTAURANT WITH A RAIDING SQUAD.....

COVER EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW! ALL CRASH IN ON MY SIGNAL... THERE'S THE RESTAURANT, AND GOOD LUCK!



JERRY MAKES HIS WAY BACK UNDER THE RESTAURANT

OH... OH! THERE'S A BOAT THAT WASN'T HERE BEFORE... AND WHAT'S THAT IN IT?...?



THIS TARPULIN IS SUPPOSED TO COVER SOMETHING... NOW WHAT... SOMEBODY COMING...



I WILL PASS YOU THE LITTLE TRANSMITTER, MASTER....

HURRY, AKI!

THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK...



THE PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER IS DROPPED INTO THE BOAT, AND THEN...

LOOK, MASTER SOMETHING MOVED... UNDER THE TARPULIN!

SO? I COVER WITH GUN... YOU LOOK!



AS AKI APPROACHES TO INVESTIGATE, JERRY NOBLE LUNGES OUT AT HIM...

IT IS THE ANIMAL MAN!



EYAH, MASTER... WHAT DO YOU DO?! I CANNOT SWIM!



DROWN, THEN!



BUT JERRY NOBLE HAS BETTER NOTIONS ABOUT AKI... SWIMMING POWERFULLY, HE COARS THE HELPLESS MAN TO SHORE...



HANG ON JUST A LITTLE LONGER, FRIEND. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

SAFELY ON THE DOCK...

THIS UNWORTHY ONE DESERVES A THOUSAND DEATHS. YOU HAVE SAVED ME, YOUR ENEMY! HENCE-FORWARD I AM YOUR SLAVE FOR LIFE!

HEY! HERE. BE UP!



IN AMERICA IF YOU WANT TO BE A MAN'S FRIEND, YOU SHAKE WITH HIM... LIKE THIS!

OKEY, AKI SHAKE HANDS. FROM NOW ON BE AMERICAN FRIEND... AND FRIEND OF AMERICA TOO!!

AKI'S AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. HE TELLS JERRY HOW AGENTS ALL UP AND DOWN THE WEST COAST BRING INFORMATION OF SHIP MOVEMENTS AND MANEUVERS TO THE RAIDED RESTAURANT, HOW THE MASTER COORDINATED IT AND THEN RADIOED IT FROM THE PORTABLE SET TO A SECRET CABLE STATION.



CABLE STATION!?!

YES MASTER NOBLE. AKI SHOW YOU.



NEVER MIND SHOWING ME. JUST SHOW THESE NAVY DIVERS WHERE THEY CAN GET AT THE CABLE ITSELF. THEN TAKE ME TO THE SENDING SET...

YES, MASTER NOBLE.

AFTER LOCATING THE CABLE ON THE MAP SO THE NAVY DIVERS CAN CUT IT, AKI PILOTS JERRY NOBLE HIMSELF TO A GLOOMY DUNGEON DEEP IN A LITTLE ISLAND OFF-SHORE...



HELLO, FELLOWS. I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANY SERIOUS BUSINESS!

THE ANIMAL MAN AGAIN! SHOOT HIM DOWN. HE IS UNARMED!



NAVAL INFORMATION

by Jerry Noble

THIS STATUE OF TECUMSEH IS A REPLICA OF THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE U.S.S. DELAWARE. IT FACES BANCROFT HALL, DOORMATORY FOR THE MIDSHIPMEN AT THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND. MUCH OF THE TRADITION OF THE ACADEMY HAS BEEN BUILT AROUND THE ARISTOCRATIC OLD CHIEF, AND THE MIDDIES CONSIDER HIM A MAGNOLIA COUNTERPART OF LADY LUCK. BEFORE ALL FOOTBALL GAMES PLAYED AWAY FROM THE HOME FIELD, AND BEFORE EXAMINATIONS, THE "FUTURE NAVAL OFFICERS" PAY TRIBUTE TO HIM BY TOSSING HIM PENNIES. THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BRING THEM LUCK!

NAVAL ACADEMY SLANG....
 "MONTHLY INSULT.... MIDSHIPMAN'S PRY!"
 "JIMMYLESS..... A YARD WATCHMAN!"
 "WIFE".... A MIDSHIPMAN'S ROOMMATE!



WE MUST GET RID OFF THIS **DEATH PATROL!** THEY ARE HINDERING OUR MARCH TOWARDS **WORLD DOMINATION!** WE MUST ALSO HAVE THE SECRET OFF THEIR AIRPLANES! YOU WOMEN MUST BRING THEM **BACK** HERE TO **NAZILAND!** NOW, DO YOU KNOW THEIR NAMES?

THIS ONE IS **HANK**, THE EX-CATTLE RUSTLER!

MINE IS THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF **CHUCKALLUS!**

THIS HANDSOME ONE IS **DEL**, LEADER OF THE **DEATH PATROL!**

AND HIS HIGHNESS **KING NOTINTOT!**

MINE IS **GRAMPS!**

AND THIS IS THEIR NEW RECRUIT, **BORIS**, THE **BORSHT EATER!**



IN ENGLAND--

LOOK, MON! THERE IS THE **DEATH PATROL** REBUILDIN' THUR HOME-MADE AIRRRPLANES!

THE JERRIES THINK THEY'RE A **SECRET WEAPON**, BUT IT'S SIMPLY THE WAY THE **BLIGHTERS** FLY THEM!

DEATH PATROL DID THIS, AND **DEATH PATROL** DID THAT! THAT'S ALL I EVER HEAR! I'M SICK OF THE NUISANCES AND I HOPE I NEVER SEE OR HEAR OF THEM AGAIN!



...YOUR WISH MAY COME TRUE, COLONEL, FOR THAT NIGHT, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND...



MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE AIRFIELD, THE SIX NAZI SPIES PREPARE TO CAPTURE THE DEATH PATROL!



THERE THEY ARE!

O.K. GIRLS! TURN ON THE GLAMOR!

LOOK! WOMEN!

IS DAT GOOD OR BAD?

POONER THAT'S BAD!



I AM STRONGER SKI THAN TAN MEN AND TWO LEEDLE BOYSKIS BUT WITH WOMEN MY BLOODSKI TURNS TO BORSHT!

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY! MY FOREMOST PURPOSE IN BEING HERE IS TO ESCAPE MY 562 WIVES!



BY CRACKY! DO YOU REALIZE I AM NINETY YEARS OLD? BUT IF I WAS TEN YEARS YOUNGER...

BUT WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON!

UGH! ONLY THE WAR PAINT, SQUAW!



LOOK, SISTER, I LOVE PEOPLE, BUT I HATE THEIR DAUGHTERS!



IT'S NO USE! THEY HATE WOMEN!

VERY WELL, WE SHALL KILL THEM HERE, TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT IN THE DEATH PATROL'S QUARTERS...



LOOK OUT!

CRASH

NEEDLESS OF HIS OWN SAFETY, GRAMPS SMOTHERS THE BOMB WITH HIS BODY...



W-H-E'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!

LOOK! OVER THERE! THOSE WOMEN!

AFTER THEM!



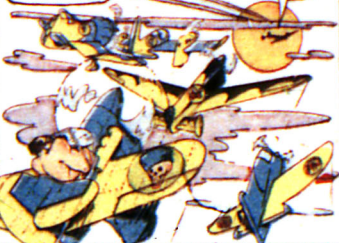


BY DER FEUNKER'S MUSTACHE! THEY ARE STILL ALIVE!

...AND THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!

EXCELLENT/RADIO THE GESTAPO TO BE READY WHEN WE LAND!

SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE DEATH PATROL SCREAMS IN FOR A LANDING-- SOMEWHERE IN NAZILAND



BLINDED WITH RAGE THE DEATH PATROL IS EASY PREY FOR THE COUNTLESS HORDES OF GESTAPO AGENTS...

AS THEY ARE LED AWAY IN CHAINS, THE SIX NAZI SPES CONFRONT THEM!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA
HA, HA, HA



KILL GRAMPS, WILL YOU!

EEEEek!



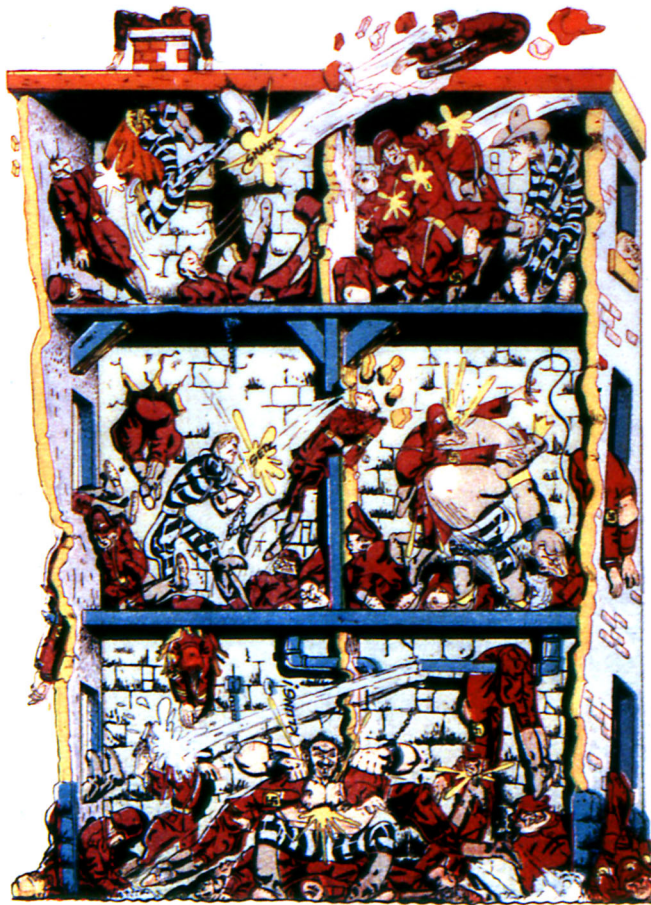
TAKE THESE MADMEN TO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS! WE WILL TEACH THEM BETTER MANNERS!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON RISES ON THE TORTURE HOUSE OF THE GESTAPO, WEIRD AND HORRIBLE NOISES FILL THE AIR...



ON THE NEXT PAGE WE SEE A CROSS SECTION OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE TORTURE HOUSE...

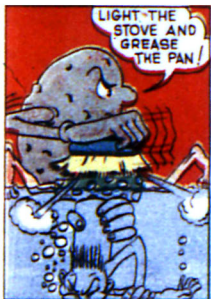






Diary of a Draftee

BY TEX BRAYSDALE



The SNIPER

I AM THE SNIPER...
I HUNT THE MOST
DANGEROUS GAME...
MEN... IN THE
SHAPE OF FIENDS
LISTEN WELL
FOR... HERE IS THE
TALE OF A STRANGE HUNT!



"TOWARD A NAZI-HELD VILLAGE SHUFFLED A GROUP OF MEN... RETURNED FROM GESTAPO PRISONS."



"... Suddenly... THEIR BLANK STARES CHANGED... THEY CHARGED UPON WAITING RELATIVES..."



"... SON MURDERED FATHER AND THE STORY AROUSED EVEN THIS CENSORED NATION..."



"... BUT I KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR CHANGING GOOD MEN TO BEASTS... IT IS HANS KRONITZ... CHIEF RICH CHEMIST WHO SHOOTS INSANITY'S GERUM INTO SANE MEN'S VEINS!"



"... BEWARE, KRONITZ, I AM AFTER YOU... THE FIEND OF THE WILHELMSTRASSE!!"

Berlin!

...IN THE HEART OF THE NAZI STRONG-HOLD LOOMS THE WORLD'S MOST OMINOUS BUILDING... THE GERMAN-CHEMICAL TRUST!

Inside... ITS MAIN LABORATORY...

BUT... DER **SNIPER**... WE WARNED ME!

DO NOT TREMBLE... HERR KRONITZ... YOU... WHO HAFE MADE **BEASTS** FROM NORMAL MEN... SURELY CAN MAKE A CORPSE OF THE **SNIPER**!

A PUDGY PALLID HAND RAISES THE WINE GLASS TO THICK LIPS...

FAUGH... VIT US PRO-TECTING YOU... DERE IS NODDINGS TO VORRY ABOUT... **DRINK...** TO YOUR HEALTH!...

USH! GASPE... (COUGH)... (COUGH)...

DPS WILL STOP YOUR CHOKING... VOT'S DAT F!



I TOLD YOU... DOT **SNIPER** ISS NEAR US... IN THIS BUILDING!

...D. DON'T VORRY! L. LOOK AT ME... DO I LOOK VORRIED?!

ANYWAY... IF HE'S IN THIS BUILDING DEN HE HE ISS AS GOOT AS **CAUGHT!** VE START SEARCHING NOW!...

ORGANIZE MEN FOR DER SEARCH... AND **SHOOT TO KILL!**

HIMMEL! SUCH A RACKET! VY ALL DER SCHREAMING!

DID YOU NOT HEAR? DER **SNIPER** ISS IN DER BUILDING... I VISH I'D CATCH HIM. A **MEDAL** I VOULD GET!



OOPS! EXCUSE ME PLEASE!

OUT UFF DER VAY... OLD FOOL YOU!! VATCH FOR DER **SNIPER**!

JAI!

ACH! I AM NO BETTER DEN DISS MOP!!... I PUSH DER MOP... AND EFFERYBODY PUSHES ME!

CAREFUL, YOU OLD SVINE!... ARE YOU TRYING TO CHOK ME WITH **DUST?**



THE CRUMPLED **SMOCK** DROPS TO THE FLOOR... AND REVEALS THE GRIM FIGURE OF THE **SNIPER!**

POSSIBLY... MY DEAR KRONITZ!

YOU... YOU... DER **SNIPER!**



EYES WARILY FIXED UPON EACH OTHER..
THE HUNTER AND HIS QUARRY SLOWLY
CIRCLE THE TABLE!

WHY... WHY
DO YOU SINGLE
ME OUT TO
HUNT?!!

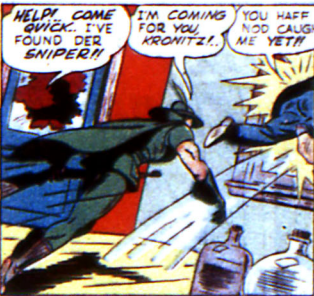
BECAUSE... YOU TURN
INNOCENT MEN INTO MUR-
DEROUS FIENDS, KRONITZ!
YOU ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS
MAN ALIVE!.. AND I HUNT
THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME!

STUBBY FING-
ERS CLUTCH A
GLASS JAR AND,

HOT!.. YOU CALL
ME DANGEROUS..
UND I
AM!

.. AS THE SNIPER DUCKS...
THE MISSILE SHATTERS THE
GLASS DOOR!..

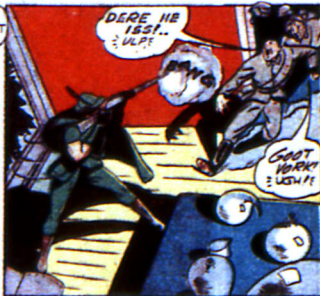
HEY! VOT!.. IT'S..
IT'S DER SNIPER!!



HELP! COME
QUICK.. I'VE
FOUND DER
SNIPER!!

I'M COMING
FOR YOU,
KRONITZ!..

YOU HAAFF
NOD CAUGHT
ME YET!!



DERE HE
ISS!..
ULP!

GOOT
VORKE!
= KUH! =

Relentlessly PURSUING
KRONITZ..... THE SNIPER
DIVES THROUGH SPACE!..

THE SNIPER SPEEDS TO
THE SKYLIGHT AFTER THE
ESCAPING KRONITZ.. BUT..

A LONE GENTRY JUMPS AFTER
THE SNIPER... SNEAKS UP!
TO THE FALLEN HUNTER!..



DON'T SHOOT!
VE TRAP HIM
DOWN STAIRS!!

HIMMEL!!
HE'S STILL
AFTER ME!



HERE ISS ANOTHER
OF MINE INVENTIONS.
SNIPER.. HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT?
EHE!!

GAS!
AAAGG..



I'M GLAD I DID NOT GO
MIT DER REST.. DER GLORY
OF CAPTURING DER
SNIPER VILL BE MINE..
UND MINE ALONE!

BUT AS THE SENTRY PREPARES TO SEIZE HIS PREY... A STEEL-MUSCLED HAND LEAPS AT HIS THROAT!

DIS VILL MEAN MAYBE A PROMOTION... UGH!!
GURGLE

Minutes Later...

LOOK!! IT'S DER SENTRY!

VOT HAPPENED!!

DER SNIPER... ISS, ON DER ROOF... TIED UND GAGGED! BUT... I SMELLED SOME GAS... UND NOW... I FEEL DIZZY!!

VONDER WHERE KRONITZ VENT?

SO DO I... SO DO I!!

AS THE SUN'S DYING RAYS SWEEP THE STREET RELENTLESSLY, TIRELESSLY THE HUNTER FOLLOWS A FAINT TRAIL...

HMM... A BROKEN MONOCLE... IT COULD BELONG TO KRONITZ!!

Deutsches
Tavern

I'LL TRY THAT TAVERN FIRST!!

KRONITZ'S JOWLED FACE QUIVERS AS WAVES OF TERROR ROLL OVER HIM!!

I... I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING WATCHED...
AHHHH...

TAKE DOT... YOU... YOU... HUNTER OF MEN!

VOT TH... ARE YOU CR-RAZY?

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES! I THOUGHT YOU WAS DER SN...

DER SNIPER! HAW! EFFERY-BODY THINKS I LOOK LIKE HIM! IT IS A GOOT JOKE... JA... A GOOT JOKE!!

THROUGH DARKENED STREETS KRONITZ WALKS ARM IN ARM... WITH... DEATH!!

KIND OFF YOU TO PROTECT ME! ... VY... VY ARE YOU TAKING OFF YOUR JACKET?

I AM GETTING WARM... HERR KRONITZ, VERRY WARM!!

MINUTES LATER... AT THE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, INSIDE WHOSE GRIM WALLS ARE CHAINED FUTURE VICTIMS OF KRONITZ' TERRIBLE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!

HA!! NOW I AM SAFE!... DER SHTUPID SNIPER VILL NEFFER THINK TO... BUT... WHY DO YOU LOOK SO... SO FRIGHTENED?!!

UH... UH...

GULP!

Though THE SNIPER MAKES NO MOVE TOWARDS HIS GUN... HIS GRIM PRESENCE STRIKES UNREASONING FEAR INTO THE NAZI SENTRIES!..

TAKE D'S...I DON'T NEED IT!..

ALSO HAFF MINE... I... I DON'T WANT IT?!

VOT? VOT?..

BOOTED FEET DRUM AGAINST COBBLED STONES AS THE NAZIS FLEE THE OMINOUSLY QUIET SNIPER!..

SOMEDINGS FRIGHTENED DEM... UND I VONDER!!

... WHO... UH... DER SNIPER!

THE TRAIL DRAWS TO AN END KRONITZ!

WILD BULLETS RIP INTO THE OIL LAMPS!..

IF DER TRAIL IS OVER... .. IT ISS OVER FOR YOU!!

... AND FLAMES BEGIN TO LICK HUNGRILY AT ANCIENT WALLS!..

Inside THE WAREHOUSE...

60...0...0 THESE ARE YOUR FUTURE VICTIMS...EH KRONITZ... HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING...ER... VICTIM?..

PUFF!E

LEADEN SLUGS TEAR VICIOUSLY THROUGH THE SNIPER'S HAT!..

YOU MISSED AGAIN.. MY FRIGHTENED FRIEND... .. NEXT... IT WILL BE MY TURN!!

THE SNIPER'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER... AND A STEEL-JACKETED MESSENGER SMASHES THROUGH CAST IRON CHAINS...

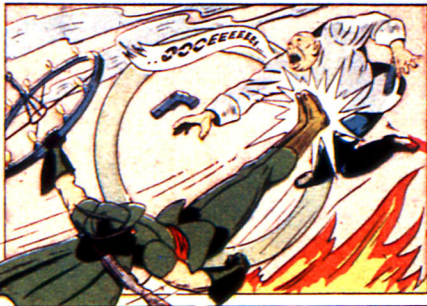
BUT FIRST... I WILL GIVE THESE MEN ANOTHER CHANCE AT FREEDOM!...

LOOK!..WE'RE... WE'RE BEING FREED!!!

IRON-MUSCLED FINGERS
REACH FOR A SWAYING
CHANDELIER!

NOW... I'VE
GOT YOU!

CORRECTION...
HERR KRONITZ...
...YOU HAD ME!



AS THE SNIPER DROPS TO
THE FLOOR WITH CATLIKE
AGILITY... KRONITZ DIVES FOR
THE SAFETY OF A WOOD PILLAR!

BULLETS WING CLOSE TO
SNIPER... HE DROPS TO THE
FLOOR!

CAREFULLY AIMING... SNIPER
SHOOT!... THE BULLET BOUNCES
OFF THE WALL AND HITS
KRONITZ IN THE BACK!



HE'S SAFE...
CAN'T HIT HIM
LIKE THAT...
ONLY ONE
CHANCE... I'LL
TAKE IT!



KRONITZ TUMBLES BACK...
CRUMPLES THROUGH THE
WOOD RAILING... TO HIS
DOOM!

A SKYLIGHT
OPENS...
THE
SNIPER!

HE LEAPS, POWER-
FUL MUSCLES CROS-
SING A GAP BE-
TWEEN THE BURN-
ING WAREHOUSE
AND A NEARBY
BUILDING!

AN ENEMY OF MANKIND...
AND A SYMBOL OF NAZI
BRUTALITY HAS PERISHED!
WHO IS NEXT?... WHOSE EVIL
ACTS WILL SOON CAUSE HIS
UNDOING AT THE HANDS OF
THE SNIPER!



Watch for the next exciting installment of The Sniper in the February issue of MILITARY COMICS.



Military Comics presents the first in a series of stories devoted to the memory of those whose spirit of freedom and right can never be crushed under the blood-stained boot of oppression.

He was a small man, Grandfather Leblanc, small and bent with the weight of many years. Standing there in the blazing sun, facing the young, arrogant Nazi officer, he looked tired and useless. But though his face was calm, his thin voice held a note of defiance as he answered the questions shot at him. "I deny nothing," he said slowly. "Of what use would it be? You have in your hand the uniform of your country which I wore as a disguise. I am the man you seek."

The officer stared at him. "You mean to say an old man like you has murdered a dozen of our soldiers? Impossible!"

"Sixteen," corrected Leblanc calmly, "and it was not murder. I call it—retribution."

There was silence for a moment as the officer continued staring.

Then, more slowly, he said, "Then you must die, old one. But first I demand that you tell me how you accomplished this thing!"

The old man nodded. "Yes, it can do no harm. But the story starts long ago." "I have had a score to settle with your army for many years," the old man began. "First, I lost this," he nodded to his left sleeve, hanging limply at his side. "That was in the struggle the world calls the Franco-Prussian War. In 1916 I lost three sons. And six months ago my only grandson died defending my beloved France. In a few moments there will be no more Leblancs."

"The day after I received news of my grandson's death, two of my soldiers came to my door demanding food. There are times when a man feels a greater strength than his own upon him, and suddenly I knew what I must do. Pretending to be afraid of them, I went to my room, loaded my old rifle, and shot the two of them through the heads. There

was no room for sorrow at having done this thing in my already broken heart. As I dragged the bodies to my barn, a plan was forming in my mind. I removed the uniforms from the bodies, and hid the bodies deep in the hay. You may find them there if you wish."

"That night, I put my plan into action. I crossed the fields to the road where I knew your soldiers would pass on their way from the encampment into town to force their hated presence on my people, and lay down in the ditch at the side of the road. Soon one of your soldiers came by, singing one of those hated victory songs in a loud voice. As he came opposite me, I called out in a weak voice, calling 'Help, help please!' in German. The soldier ran over to me, and as he bent over to look at me, I shot him, careful to hit him in the head so as not to spoil the uniform. Then I removed the clothes from his body as I had done with the others, and left the corpse where it had fallen."

"Three more of your soldiers fell for the same trick that first night, and I realized that I could go on like this indefinitely. For weeks I followed the same course of action, and in this manner I managed to rid France of several more of the beasts who had been polluting the very soil of my country by their presence, and

HERO STAMP

#5 SQUADRON LEADER
ROLAND R. S. TUCK

★ THE MOST DARING
★ ACE IN THE R.A.F.

BY RECENT COUNT, THIS FEARLESS SKY-FIGHTER HAS DOWNED MORE THAN 26 NAZI PLANES -- HE WAS ONE OF THE HANDFUL OF BRITISH PILOTS WHO SMASHED THE NAZI INVASION ATTEMPT AT DUNKIRK --- HE LED HIS TINY SQUADRON OF 8 PLANES AND ENGAGED 50 GERMAN PLANES AND DEFEATED THEM



collected more uniforms. But soon this game, too, began to lose its flavor. I wanted to accomplish something of more importance, something which I felt would be a more worthy revenge against the bloody butchers who had dared to trample the fields of my homeland. And several days ago the increased activity of your motorized columns gave me the opportunity I needed."

"Early this morning, before the sun had risen, I dressed myself again in one of the uniforms I had taken, this time that of a Corporal I had killed in my own barn, where he had been attempting to steal my only remaining horse. Carrying with me several sticks of dynamite, I cautiously approached the bridge which spans the deep gorge below my pond. I found that only one sentry was on guard at the bridge, and so I used my old ruse to get rid of him. Staggering out of the woods and onto the bridge, I succeeded in giving him the impression that I was a wounded soldier. He ran to me, shouting questions I could not understand. As he approached, I merely held out the bayonet I carried, and he spitted himself on it.

"Trembling with anxiety lest my plan fail, I hid the body, and proceeded to place my explosive under the bridge, fearful that my slight knowledge of the action of dynamite might be my undoing. Then I carried the fuses to the head of the bridge, and posed as a sentry. Several times one of your men passed by, but by merely grunting in a surly manner, I managed to avoid suspicion. Finally the moment I awaited arrived. I heard the rumble of a motorized column approaching."

"As the first heavy truck thundered onto the far end of the bridge, I lit the end of my long fuse. I then stepped into the middle of the bridge, and signalled the leading truck to stop. Waving and shouting unintelligibly, I caused the driver to believe that some danger lay ahead. Soon the

bridge was lined with over a dozen trucks filled with soldiers."

"I knew that the dynamite must be about to go off. Unable to stand the suspense, I turned and ran. As I reached the end of the bridge, heavy concussion threw me to the ground. I heard the rending and tearing of heavy timbers, and the screams of many men. As I got to my feet, I looked back, and the sight of the great trucks carrying their cargoes of enemy invaders to death on the rocks far below filled me with a savage joy. At last I had achieved a satisfactory revenge."



"The rest you know. How one of your men saw me dart into the woods as the bridge fell, followed me here, and reported to you. There is no more to be told."

The old man's voice faded away, and the soldiers stirred uneasily in the sudden silence. Then the officer spoke. "One thing you have forgotten, old man. You say you stole the uniforms of the men you killed. You have betrayed yourself. Tell me, who is working with you?" For the first time, the old man seemed afraid. "No one, no one at all, I swear it!" His voice shook with fear.

The officer seized the old man by the throat. "Speak now, grandfather! We have unpleasant ways

of making men talk!" The old man struggled for a moment, then gasped, "Let me go—I'll tell." The officer stepped back with a grin of triumph, but the grin froze on his face. For in front of him, Grandfather Leblanc stood swaying weakly, holding in his hand the Nazi officer's pistol. The horrified officer opened his mouth to speak, but the roar of the gun cut off what would have been his last words. As he slid to the ground, the old man stumbled in an attempt to run. "Never tell! Die—but never tell!" His muttering was lost in the shouting of

the Nazi soldiers, till now too stunned by the sudden death of their officer to act. But now, in fury, they rushed to avenge his killing. In a burst of animal-like rage, one of them ran his bayonet through the old man's back. As he fell, the others drove their weapons deep into the frail body again and again. At last, panting, they stood staring at the tiny bleeding figure. One of them nudged old Leblanc with his foot. "What do you say now, old murderer?" The old man stirred, and what might have been a smile flickered across his face, already showing the touch of death. "I say—as I—have always said—Vive—La France!"



True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures

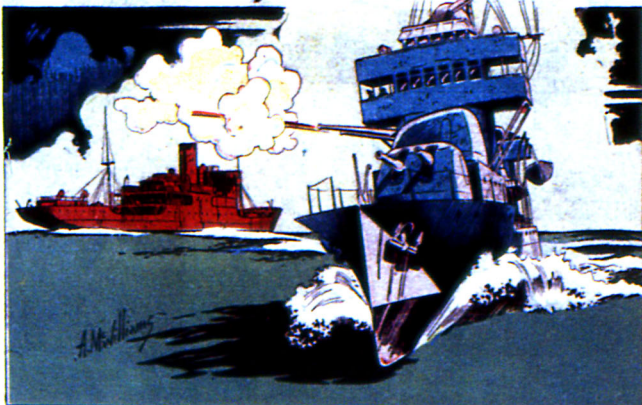


Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureau

WHO IS MONSIEUR X?

MYSTERY MAN RAIDS NAZI PRISON SHIP, FREES 100 BRITONS

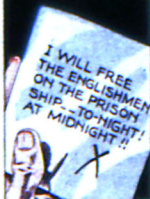


DUSK.. CALAIS, FRANCE.. Nazi war-ships ride the waters of the once proud and free French harbor... silhouetted briefly against the setting sun is the bulk of a huge rust-stained freighter.. But an ominous silence, broken only by the eerie creaking of the weather-beaten pilings, surrounds the ancient hulk... for this is no ordinary ship... this is a ship of terror and death.. a Nazi prison ship! suddenly the silence is broken ... a door slams ... a sentry snaps to attention!





THE SWINE EVEN LEFT
A NOTE !! HOW DID HE
GET IN HERE ---- ?
GUARD ! GUARD !



I WILL FREE
THE ENGLISHMEN
ON THE PRISON
SHIP - TO-NIGHT!
AT MIDNIGHT !!



DOUBLE THE GUARD ON THE
PRISON SHIP !! ORDER THEM TO
KILL THIS MONSIEUR X ON
SIGHT - THIS TIME HE'S GONE
TOO FAR !!

ABOARD THE PRISON SHIP TENSION
MOUNTS WITH EVERY TICK OF THE
CLOCK !!



IT'S ALMOST
MIDNIGHT ---
I VONDER
IFF DIS X
VILL COME?
VAT ISS
DAT NOISE

DOSE PRISONERS
AGAIN! -- I VILL
FIX 'EM ----

ALL NIGHT DEY
HAFF BEEN DOING
DIS TAP TAP TAP. --!
DEY DRIVE ME CRAZY



SO! STILL DIS TAPPING, EH!
VAT HAFF YOU
GOT DERE ?



JUST A
PIECE
OF
WOOD



PIGS! VE VILL SMASH DIS X
BUSINESS OUT OF YOU,
DUMKOPFS !!



PERHAPS NOW VE HEAR NO
MORE OF DIS TAPPING ---
AND DIS X





A HALF-HOUR LATER AT SCHEIG'S
GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---

HERR COMMANDANT... MONSIEUR
X HASS STOLEN THE PRISON SHIP!
HE KILLED DER GUARDS
AND DER PRISONERS ARE
RUNNING DER SHIP.



FOOLS! TO LET ONE MAN
DO THIS!... RADIO THE
PATROL BOATS! HE
WILL NEVER GET PAST
THE MINE FIELDS AND
PATROLS, BUT IF HE
DOES, SOMEONE WILL
PAY FOR THIS !!

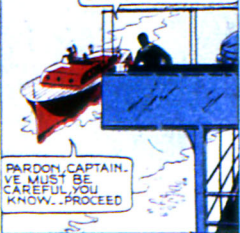


BUT MONSIEUR X HAS CLEAR-
ED THE MINE FIELDS... JUST
AS A NAZI PATROL BOAT
HALES THE PRISON SHIP...--



VOT SHIP
ISS DIS ?

VAT IS THE MEANING OF DIS...VE ARE THE
PRISON SHIP JUTLAND
BOUND FOR NORWAY



PARDON, CAPTAIN...
VE MUST BE
CAREFUL YOU
KNOW...PROCEED

SACRE!
A
CLOSE
ESCAPE!

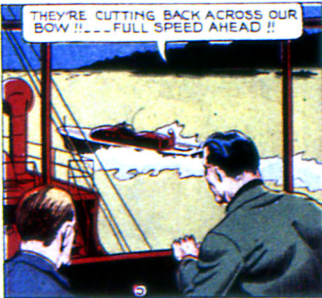
JUST HEARD
A WIRELESS
REPORT
GIVING OUR
IDENTITY,
MONSIEUR X



LOOK! THE PATROL BOAT HAS
HEARD THE
REPORT ALSO!
IT'S TURNING
BACK!



THEY'RE CUTTING BACK ACROSS OUR
BOW !! --- FULL SPEED AHEAD !!





AND THE LEADING SUB-CHASER OPENS FIRE--

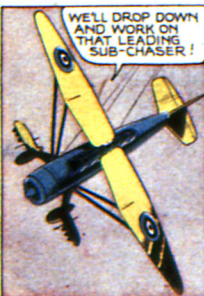


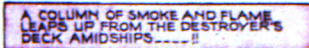
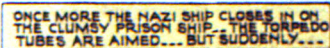
THE ENGLISH UNLIMBER THE PRISON SHIP'S SMALL DECK GUN, ALTHOUGH THEY REALIZE IT'S OF LITTLE USE



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE THE CHANNEL,

PATROL 7 REPORTING!... NAZIS ATTACKING ONE OF THEIR OWN SHIPS... POSITION 33





SHE'S BEEN
HIT, MONSIEUR
X

BUT OUR
PLANE HAS
GONE AND IT
WASN'T
OUR
GUN !!

A BRITISH LIGHT
CRUISER... BLIMEY!
WE'RE SAVED NOW

THE NAZI DESTROYER
TURNS HER ATTENTION TO
THE CRUISER WHO MISSES
WITH A SALVO !!



...BUT THE NEXT SALVO DOESN'T
MISS! TRYING TO GET WITHIN
TORPEDO RANGE, THE SPEEDING
DESTROYER TAKES A PAIR OF
8-INCH SHELLS SQUARELY IN
HER ENGINE ROOM...!!

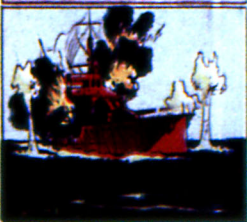


HIT BAD
BELOW, SIR!
WE CAN
ONLY MAKE
QUARTER
SPEED !!

ACH--
WE
MUST
RUN
FOR
IT



BUT THE BRITISH FIRE SWEEPS
THE CRIPPLED DESTROYER...
BLASTING COMMUNICATIONS,
GUNNERY CONTROLS, BRIDGE
STRUCTURE... EVERYTHING



A BLAZING SHAMBLES, THE NAZI
SHIP SETTLES RAPIDLY....



THE BATTLE OVER ENGLISH OFFICERS' BOARD THE PRISON SHIP---

I'M AFRAID, MONSIEUR X, THAT YOU MUST RETURN WITH US BACK TO ENGLAND... I CAN SEE NO OTHER WAY



I'M SORRY, BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THERE IS WORK FOR ME TO DO IN MY BELOVED FRANCE !!



WAIT MONSIEUR X! DON'T BE A FOOL!



HE'S GONE!! WHAT A PITY. FRANCE NEEDS BRAVE MEN LIKE THAT!



LE PETIT JOURNAL

MONSIEUR X LOST AT SEA! FREES 100 BRITISH MEN



AND IN CALAIS, SCHTEIG ALSO SEES THE NEWSPAPERS

SO, THE FOOL IS DEAD!... GOOD! WE'LL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH HIM



GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN! A LOVELY DAY TO-DAY, NEIN?

G-GOOD MORNING, COMMANDANT



NO! NO!... IT CAN'T BE!



RED RYDER

EXTENDED BY STEPHEN ALLENBORN, MD, FRCPC

1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

**16-inch LEATHER
SADDLE THROAT**

You can hang an
airline on your
wall like this
or fasten your
bike. Things
comes attached
to Carbine Ring
every one. Please

WESTERN
ADDITIONAL **STOCK**

"The real artists
buy! Your collec-
tion ranges, I slip a
I have coordinated it
and in the other a
to my portable home
as the case I shall have to be grossed
if she studies some my skills
inspire me give finished
from my hands by
- a ha -"

Somme totale

It's a Humdinger.
Fellows' Name & Address
able Double-Notch Bear
Tight her long range-
lower a her short. And
she small notch her target
work. Large notch her snap-
shooting. And say Dore
made & From light GOLD.
EN COLORED as common
side of the Golden Bear?

**GOLDEN
BANDER
BANNER**

Those glistening
silk-like coloured bands
around the muscles are
what look mighty pro-
bably like the real
I used to prosper for
our West. You'll be
proud of us!"

**LIGHTNING
LOADER INVENTION!**

"Twice its magnitude — just in 1990 shot in 20 seconds — then about 1000 times within a brief span!"

底 底

\$295

**CARDONE
STYLE**

"Grab this baby, semi-curved, full length hand hold - it would just 'snag' into your hand and hold it! Carbine ready as

DAISY AIR RIFLES

TALES *from* the **RED RIVER** CARBINE

**Write for
FREE CATALOG**

ATTENTION BUYERS! The Daisy you want for Christmas is now ready for you on display at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! See them! Tell Dad the name of the store where he can get your Daisy for Christmas! Also write for beautiful, new 16-page pocket-size Daisy CATALOG picturing all Daisy Air Rifles from \$1 to \$4.50, Target Rifle, Telescope Sight, Accessories—and write for Red Ryder's Official SHOOTING MANUAL, "SHOOTING STRAIGHT"—you're bound to learn a thing or two! Meanwhile, if you have the money or can get it, buy your Daisy **NOW!** If no Daisy, then a .22-caliber rifle, a .30-caliber rifle, any other—write, right, to us, www.your-daisy.com. Daisy, added in Canada on all orders.

PUMP-OUT—10-shaft large lead repeater. Take-down model.

500-Sheet Calendar—with Lightning-Ladder invention. Adjustable Double-Watch

BUCK JONES SPECIAL

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